

Triple B by The_gay

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Bring barb back, F/F, Gotta be gay, am I right folks

Language: English

Characters: Barbara "Barb" Holland, Eleven (Stranger Things), Nancy Wheeler, pretty much everyone lmao

Relationships: Barbara "Barb" Holland/Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

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Summary:

Nancy misses Barb and Eleven has a plan

1. Chapter 1

Everyone was at Mike's house, it was after the winter ball and they were having pizza. They were laughing and joking, having a good time, and why wouldn't they? All was well, the world was safe for now, the upside down was quite, and Will Byers was safe once again.

El looked around at the room full of these people she loved and smiled. She was sitting next to Mike on the end of the couch, eating as much junk food as she could. Hopper wouldn't stop her tonight.

She tapped on Mike's shoulders, "Bathroom."

"Oh yeah, sure, use the one upstairs it's cleaner." He said with a chuckle.

El nodded and went up the stairs. She started walking down the hall when she past by Nancy's room. From within she heard something that made her stop.

She heard the faint sound of her sobbing. Curious and slightly concerned, she looked into her room. El never really knew Nancy that well, but she was nice to her.

She peered in and saw her on bed surrounded by photos layed out on her bed. It looks like she had a box full of framed and unframed photos. El went closer and closer until she punched the door a little to far and it creaked.

Nancy looked up and quickly wiped her eyes. "Oh, uh, hey el."

"Hi" She walked up to the bed and looked at the photos. She had seen some of them before on Nancy's wall a long time ago- when she was first in their house alone. They were all pictures of Nancy's friend. She couldn't remember her name. What she did remember is the image of her in the upside down.

"Um, I was just looking through my pictures of Barb. I'm trying to find one for her parents to have. They have a lot of them, but it's always nice to give them more...and talk about her." She said voice

cracking. She wiped more tears from her face.

El walked up to her and put her hand on Nancy's. She looked up. "Sorry"

"It's not your fault." She stood up and walked toward the window. "Sometimes I feel like it's mine...like if I had just stayed with her instead of fooling around with Steve."

El just stood there, not knowing what to say. She stared at the photos on the bed.

"You should go back to the party." Nancy said, still looking out the window. "Go...have fun."

El looked at her for a moment. She was about to leave the room, then she looked at the photos again. She looked at Nancy before pocketing one of the pictures and leaving the room.

She went down the hall toward the bathroom, planing.

2. Chapter 2

El was back at the cabin in her bed. She was lying down with her eyes closed but she was not asleep. She was waiting.

She was waiting until all noise had stopped, until Hopper had gone to bed. She waited there, longer than she thought she would. She knew he went to sleep late, but the wait seemed so long tonight. Maybe impatience, maybe he was up to something.

As she waited there she thought about what she was about to do. She remembered the last time she saw Barb. One of the last times anyone saw Barb. It wasn't a pleasant memory.

And despite this she was still going back. She was willingly going into that place to see a person she knew was dead...and rotting. Would she even still be there? Would she even be able to see that at all?

But that's what bothered her. Everything she had seen in that place, everything she was able to connect with was alive. Will was alive, her mom, her sister. How could she have connected to Barb if she was dead? She guessed it was possible to connect to something dead but...

There was just something so off about it. Even when she first saw her, she didn't say she was dead. She didn't think about it until now but when she saw Barb she said- Gone. She wasn't sure why she said it that way. She knew what death was, why did she say gone.

She turned over in her covers.

Because it felt right. These were the words that fell into place.

Maybe not. Maybe she just took the photo because she felt bad that Nancy was still so sad about her, maybe she just felt ...guilty. Nancy had said there was nothing that she did, but that didn't wave those emotion away.

The cabin was finally silent. She tip toed out of bed and grab the picture and the blind fold. She began her process.

She was there. She took a deep breath to prepare herself for what she was about to see.

She walked forward, slowly, toward the familiar mass on the ground ahead.

Barb was still there. In fact nothing much had changed at all. But it was still disturbing and put her on edge.

Her body was motionless and just like last time things were crawling out of her mouth. Everything about her looked sick and awful, sad...

She wanted to run, she wanted to leave- anything. Just not but there. She started to cry, but she stayed there.

She tried to control herself and breath. Then she reached out her hand. She hesitated, pulled her hand back, but no, she had to proceed, she had to find out what she needed. Whatever that was.

She touched her face. She pulled it back quickly, startled by the results. Warm. She was warm. A fever even. She put her hand back on to confirm the results. She felt at her neck.

A pulse.